The Weekly Museum.

VOL. VII.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1794. [NUMBER 337.

NEW-YORK: Printed and Published by JOHN HARRISSON, at his Printing-Office, (*Yorick's Head*) No. 3, Peck Slip.

THE ROBBERS.
A GERMAN STORY.

[*Concluded.*]

AFTER a pause of gloomy meditation, he broke out in the following words: "A long, long night! on which no morning will ever dawn! Think ye that Moor will tremble? Shades of the victims of this assassinating sword! I see your bleeding wounds. I look on your livid lips, and hear the last agonizing groans they breathe, but I tremble not. These are but links of that eternal chains, which he who sits in yonder heaven hold in his hand. He stamped these horrors on my destiny. Even amidst the innocent, the happy days of my unsullied infancy, (*he draws a pistol.*) The barrier betwixt eternity and time, this little instrument can burst, and then—Thou dread unknown! whither wilt thou lead? where wilt thou place me? If thou leav'st me this conscious self, 'tis that must create my heaven or my hell. Amidst the waste of a world which thine anger hath destroyed, I can people the silent void with thought. Or wilt thou, in new and untry'd states, lead me through various misery to nothing? Thou mayest annihilate my being; but whilst this soul is left, will not its fredom and its force remain? 'Tis equal where—I will not shrink from the sufferings of the present; the destiny of Moor shall be fulfilled."

He was silent, he heard the tread of approacing feet, and presently a figure gilded before him, and knocked at the grated wicket of the tower. The figure said, "Rise, man of sorrow, inhabitant of this tower, thy repast is here." A feeble voice answered from the dungeon within, "Herman, it is you? Bring'st thou, like the prophet's raven, his food to a lingering wretch, that lives by the crumbs which thy pity affords him?"—Moor, who had shrunk back in amazement, advanced, and desired the man to stop. It was Herman—who draws his sword, but is instantly disarmed. "What art thou, said the astonished Herman, whose touch withers like that of death? Art thou the dæmon of this horrid place; the spirit of this murderous tower?" "I am, said Moor; the exterminating angel is my name; and yet I have flesh and bones like thee. But what wretch is in that tower? I will burst his chains." He drew from his pocket the pass keys which his profession employed; he opened the tower; the skeleton figure of a famished wretch crept from the dungeon—"Horrible phantom!" cried the astonished Moor, in a low and terrified voice, "my father!"

It was his father who the inhuman Francis (taking advantage of the long faint into which the account of his son's death had thrown him) had buried alive in the dungeon of this tower.—When Charles was informed of this, and his other treacheries, by Herman, the penitent associate of his villany, he waked the band, and in the rage of filial revenge, dispatched some of the boldest of his troop to force the castle of his brother, and bring him alive before him. The old man was still ignorant of his deliverer's being his son and waited, terified and weak, the disclosing of this mystery of justice and of vengeance.

Francis, in the mean time, was tormented with all the dismay and distraction of awakened remorse. He had started from his bed, gone into the saloon of the castle, followed by a servant who watched his sleep. Here they were told by a frightened domestic, that a troop of horsemen were approaching at a gallop with terrifying shouts. The Count was petrified by his guilty fears, and could not give orders for defence. His followers, however, for a while disputed the passage of the band, and the castle was set on fire. Its master was still more lost in the horrors of his situation; and, after an unavailing request to his servants, to save him from the vengeance of his enemies, by putting him to death, was left alone amidst the approaching flames, wishing to die, yet dreading death, till he hears the thunder, of the band at the gate, which shakes, bursts, and the entering foes seize him alive, and carry him off, according to the command of their master.

All the while that Moor and his father were alone upon the health, Moor was agitated with contending feelings. He often resolved to disclose himself to his father; but the consciousness of his fallen and abandoned state withheld him. When the old man complained that he had now no son to close his eyes, Moor threw himself on the neck of his father, yet was unabled to discover that this wretch, this robber, this assassin, was his Charles. At that moment a distant noise is heard, and presently the dim gleam of torches begins to allumine the scene around them, the glare of the light increases; the voices are heard more near; the accustomed music of their triumph is sounded, and the faithful band of Moor, true to their commission, bring the criminal Francis chained before his father and his brother.

Moor presented the wretched Francis to his father—The old man was willing to forgive him; but his brother had devoted him to vengeance. He desired the band to lead his father to a remote part of the wood; and then, settling the fury of his revenge in to the terrible solemnity of dispassionate justice, he placed his brother in the midst of his fierce associates, and desired them to pronounce sentence on his crimes. They consulted some time on an adequate punishment; and then, felicitating themselves on the thought, they threw him in the dungeon in which this barbarous parricide had burried his father. The old man was then brought in—He felt the yearings of parental affection for his guilty son, and exclaimed against the cruelty of his avengers. Moor threw himself into his arms, and discovered to him his favourite, his Charles. Just then, Amelia, who had escaped from the castle of her brother, entered, and ran to embrace her lover and his father. The father felt all the pleasure of his son and his neice restored, and fondly anticipated the felicity they were to enjoy. But Moor bade them check the expectation of happiness, and look only for desperation and horror. "Your paternal curse, said he, consigned me to perdition. These men you see are robbers; your son is their chief." The exhausted strength of the old man could not stand the shock; he expired in the arms of his son. His mistress still survived; and though dumb with terror and grief, she folded him in her arms, and shewed the most ardent affection for her Charles. Warm in his love, as in every other feeling, Moor had doated on her to distraction; he forgot himself in her embraces, and for a moment thought he would live and be happy with his Amelia. "Come from her arms, cried one of the boldest of his troop, or I will speak what shall freeze your blood." "I think, exclaimed another, (while they levelled their pieces at his head) of your vow to be ours for ever. Ours you are, and heaven nor hell can win you from us." Their voices roused the remembrance of his situation; but his soul was too proud to yield to threats. "You are murderers, said he, and I am your chief. Down with these arms, and know your master." Awed by the sounds they were accustomed to obey, the banditti lowered their arms.—"To be great, Moor must be free. I would not give this triumph for all the elysium of love. (*He draws his sword.*) Call not that madness of which your souls want strength to see the grandieur. The greatness of despair is above the ken of wisdom. On actions such as this, reflection must follow, not wisdom pause."

He then plunged his sword in the bosom of Amelia. Struck with the barbarous heroism of the deed, his associates fell at his feet, acknowledged his unparalled fidelity, and vowed to be his slaves for ever. "No, (said he, with a determined and petrifying calmness;) the destiny of Moor is accom-

plished. Thus far it was in human power to go, and thus far he has gone; but here his course is closed, and his genius cries out, *All is consummated.*"

He then dismissed his band, except two favorite officers, with an exhortation to use their invinsible courage in the service of their country. To these two favourites, whose souls were not so deeply tinctured in blood, he bequeathed his paternal domain, and desired them to leave him, and to devote their future lives to virtue and obedience to the laws. "And I too, said he, will obey the laws; I will bear the sternest punishment of their decree." And he went and delivered himself up to justice.

When this story was wrought in a Tragedy, and represented at Fribourg, soon after its first appearance, the scholars at the school of that place, were so struck and captivated with the grandieur of the character of its hero Moor, that they agreed to form a band like his in the forests of Bohemia, had elected a young nobleman for their chief, and had pitched on a beautiful young lady for his Amelia, whom they were to carry off from her parents' house, to accompany their flight. To the accomplishment of this design, they had bound themselves by the most solemn and tremendous oaths; but the conspiracy was discovered by an accident, and execution prevented.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

To DAPHNE.

TOO well I know thou can't deceive,
Yet still I love and *must believe*
Thy melting strain my bosom fires,
And anger at thy smile expires;
Fast bound in thy resistless chain,
Daphne receive thy slave again.
Soul of my life when day retires,
When the obtrusive sun his fires
Hides in the wave at evenings hour,
With eager step I'll seek thy bower;
Breathless I'll rush into thy arms,
Confess thy *power*, *adore* thy *charms*.
Unbind the fillet from thy brow,
Loose let thy wavy tresses flow,
That in the wild extremes of bliss,
I may each glossy ringlet kiss;
Bare to my view that *Heaven* of *rest*,
Loves *ivʼry throne* thy *downy breast*.
Thou shalt around my languid head,
Form'd by thy hand a garland spread;
Whose vivid buds all bright appear,
Whose odorous breath my heart may chear;
And more to rouse each pulse to bliss,
Print on my lips a *balmy kiss*.
At *such a touch* life on the wing,
To meet the pressure back would spring;
Warm from thy soul I'd suck each sigh,
And drink the lustre of thine eye;
'Till from its beams my soul took fire,
And my nerves shiver'd with desire.
Prepare thy couch let amaranths bloom,
And woodbines breathe their rich perfume;
Le jasmine wreaths around it twine,
And myrtles drop their balms divine;
Mix'd with the lily's virgin snow,
Let loves own own flower th' violet blow.
The roses which compose thy bower,
Shall o'er us shed a blushing shower;
Thy nymphs shall tune their dulcet strings,
While joy *exulting* claps his wings;
And Loves bright torch shall clearer shine,
To hail the hour that makes thee mine. *Dorilas.*

DISCONTENTED POVERTY.—*A Scrap.*

WHO art thou, grim, ragged Wight,
With hair on end in awkward fright?
I know thy name—'tis Poverty:
Who dost think can dwell with thee?
But thou'lt bound me in thy cell,
Here my lonely days to tell—
Days, with O! what want of cheer,
And how many a bitter tear!
Covered o'er with dirt thy board,
Only roots thou canst afford—
Well I read what homely mite
Spread to nought but appetite.
Now the twilight veils me o'er,
And the landscape joys no more;
The dewy influence is shed
Baleful on my naked head—
Haste I then to shelter kind,
And *hard want's* rude dwelling find:
There upon the cold, damp ground,
Where noxious vapours rise around,
Stretch'd along in weeds so light,
Watch away the live-long night—
Tell the stars—and tell the moon,
When she gains her highest noon,
That my grief wrought, pungent pain
Never like herself shall wane—
Sigh to the wolves that hungry prowl,
Responsive to the midnight owl,
Till thro' the roof on wretch forlorn
Breaks the never welcome morn.

A SHORT SERMON,

Addressed to all scolding WIVES and MISSES.

It is better to dwell in a corner of the house top, than with a brawling woman in a wide house.

PROV. XXI. 9.

A Most important truth! Yes, far better to dwell in a corner of the house top, or even in the remotest corner of this habitable globe, than with a brawling, contentious, impertinent woman.—King Solomon, the wisest man of all Adam's race, a man who undoubtedly was well acquainted with the female sex, and a most proper judge of human nature, was the author of our text.

What unhappiness does the best man living experience, who is united for life with one of these unhappy mortals?—What pity it is that women (the most lovely part of the creation) should many of them prove such disagreeable companions! When we visit the dwelling of one of these brawlers, what uneasiness do we experience, till we bid adieu to the gloomy mansion? where nothing is seen but wild disorder, nothing heard but tumultuous clamor? When we pass the street by one of these doors, how nimbly do we use our legs, till we are out of hearing of the confused uproar? A young man, who is in pursuit of a companion for life, ought to be exceeding cautious in his choice, and have his ears open as well as his eyes; for after the nuptial ceremony is over, then his doom is fixed; and if he has chose one of the above discription, all his happiness is at an end, till he arrives at the peaceful abodes of the silent grave.—I shall conclude with a short exhortation to all misses:

You, my dear female citizens, that are candidates for matrimony, if you intend to lead happy lives on earth, and be accepted in the blissful regions of paradise, let your words be few—let contention and strife be forever done away—and let love and unity brighten your countenaces—let peace and harmony take possession of your dwelling—then your time on earth will be pleasant, then you will be a comfort to your relations, a joy to your companions, good members of society, and have reason to hope for a happy immortality in the world to come. L.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

LINES

On the Death of Mrs. JANE WARDELL.

(By a friend.)

THAT elegance of form, that graceful air,
Unrival'd shone among the num'rous fair,
But far superior charms adorn'd her mind,
In ev'ry art, in ev'ry thought refin'd.
She could, unconscious of her God-like pow'r,
Diffuse a smile around, and bless the hour:
Friend, daughter, sister, saint; in ev'ry part,
'Twas her's to please, to soothe, to mend the heart.
Was it that death could envy goodness here,
And smile to see the victim on the bier?
No! *He* but bore the present to the throne:
She pleas'd her God, he chose her for his own;
Took her from hence, where ev'ry pleasure cloys,
To taste of uncontaminated joys.
Then dry that tear, nor grieve that she is blest
With kindred saints, and finds a place of rest:
If such on earth that all avow'd her worth,
How bright above beams all her glories forth?

REFLECTIONS ON DEATH.

Sure 'tis a Serious thing to Die.

OH Death! how despotic is thy power! yet how impartial.

The rich, the poor, the peasant and the prince; the beautious, the deformed, must all submit to thee: thou knowest no difference;

In camps, in cities, in cottages and courts, thy bow strikes sure.

The hero, who this morning boasts his valour, e'er noon becomes thy prey.

Thou throw'st down all distinction in the grave.

The mighty monarch, in his marble shrine, sleeps not more sound, nor wears a form more pleasing than the poor villager, whose humble grave scarce rises up a foot above the soil, but plaited o'er with turf, wants a *hic jacet* to his memory.

Torrismond, didst thou know *Camilla*? Have you not seen her at the gay assembly, in all the bloom of beauty and of youth, surrounded by a throng of sighing, wishing lovers?

See now her lifeless corpse, by death deprived of all these charms that could enflame desire.

View well those eyes; where is that humid brightness that once diffused such killing rays, from those (then) lovely orbs?

Behold her cheeks, where the lillies' whiteness and the roses' blush did lately blend to make her charms complete; see them all blotch'd and bloated with infectious biles!

Say, is she now an object of your admiration most, or of your horror?

—Since then we find
That death's entail'd on all mankind,

we should, as skilful physicians, have recourse to *palliatives*, when nothing can be levell'd at the cause.

And what can be more satisfactory to a dying person, than

The glad conscience of a life well spent?

For, however a vicious man may for a while impose upon the world, yet when he comes upon a death bed, the mask falls off: conscience flies in his face: his sins appear all naked to view, and the poor wretch, unfit and unprepar'd launches into eternity.

On the other hand, behold the virtuous man in his last moments,

Calm and serene he yields his latest breath,
And may be said to triumph over death.

NEW-YORK, OCTOBER 25.

IMPORTANT.

TUESDAY arrived here in 41 days from Hamburg, the brig Betsey, Capt. Champlain, who informs,

"That intelligence was received there of the surrender of Valenciennes, and the capture of Breda by the French—That all communication between Rotterdam and Hamburg was interrupted; as a proof of which, he mentions that two or three Hamburg mails had returned—That Pichegrue had returned from Paris to the army, with orders to profecute the war with vigor—That it was reported that Captain Bompard was beheaded for breaking the line of the French fleet, in the late engagement with Lord Howe."

Merchants in London have adviſed their Correſpondents in this city, that all bills drawn on Cargoes unſold, will be noted for non-payment.

Captain Colden, of the ſhip Active, of New-York, has obliged us with the following information:—

On the 29th of Sept. in long. 51, W. ſpoke the Delight of Boſton, Capt. Bridges, from Liverpool, bound to Boſton, out 42 days, who had on the 17th Sept. in long. W. ſpoke the brig Independence, of New-London, out 35 days from Sligo, bound to New-York, with 79 paſſengers on board, having only one ſuit of old ſails, and very ſhort of every thing. Capt. Bridges, ſupplied them with ſome beef and bread.

On the 17th of Oct. in long. 69, W. ſpoke the ſhip Nancy, of Baltimore, out 42 days from Breſt, bound to New-York, who informed, that the ſhip Severn, Capt, Goodrich, of New-York, with a number of paſſengers on board, had been carried into Breſt by a French frigate; the Capt. likewiſe informed, that the French had TAKEN St, SEBASTIAN.

PHILADELPHIA, *October* 22.

Intereſting Intelligence.

The laſt accounts from Europe ſtated, that the Pruſſians, under the command of their king, had laid ſiege to Warſaw; that the city, from different circumſtances, could not be ſubjected to a complete blockade; but that the Pruſſians had began to bombard it. One of the reaſons why it was not cloſely inveſted, may have been, that Koſciuſko, at the head of 50,000 Poles, was entrenched under the walls. This was the common report, and the ſubſtance of it was undoubtedly genuine.

Capt. Benner, of the ſhip Lady Walterſtroff, has juſt now arrived here from Hamburg, which place he left on the 13th of Auguſt. He gives a report, as we hear, which he affirms to be authentic, that there has been a general engagement between the two armies—that the poles have been victorious—and that Frederick William has been taken priſoner and *burnt alive!*

That, before this time, there muſt have been a bloody battle is more than probable. That the Pruſſians may have been defeated, and that their king may have been taken priſoner is poſſible enough; and as he has acted towards Poland with a degree of baſeneſs greater than is uſual even among kings, it is likely that in ſuch a condition, he would be made an example of revenge. In a late engagement with Koſciuſko, his majeſty had a perſon killed with a cannon ball cloſe by his ſide.

What care theſe roarers for the name of king!

Capt. Benner had heard nothing of the ſurrender of Sluys to the French.

The Editor has thought it his duty to lay before his readers this report. Time will try its authenticity.

Capt. Benner, 5th Sept. in lat. 50, 5, ſaw the Engliſh fleet of 21 ſail of the line, going up the Britiſh channel.

Extract of a letter from Baltimore, dated yeſterday morning.

"A vaſt number of veſſels have arrived here within a few days.—The Harmony arrived at Bourdeaux, the 5th Auguſt. A veſſel has arrived here which left Breſt the 4th Sept. The French fleet was manned, victualled, and ready for ſea, conſiſting of 50 ſail—40 of which were line of battle ſhips, the others frigates. The armies of France were growing rich by their captures. Mr. Munro had arrived ſafe in France; and Captain Barney had a proſpect of getting a commiſſion.

"A veſſel from St. Marc brings news of the French general, Lavaux, re-conquering that place and putting to death the Britiſh garriſon, conſiſting of 700 men.

"The death of Robertſpierre gave univerſal ſatisfaction—the nation was not burthened with taxes:—military fame was the ambition of every man. The army and navy abound with every thing neceſſary for a ſeven years war, and no man is heard to utter a wiſh for peace. They are proceeding in a fatal manner againſt the commerce of Great-Britain. The French cruizers are ſuperior in the channel"

LATEST INTELLIGENCE,

From the ſeat of war, tranſlated for the General Advertiſer from Hamburgh papers, received yeſterday by the brig Lady Walterſtroff.

Coblentz, Aug. 14.—Three weeks ſince, the French had began to aſſemble in force near Sarlouis and Thionville; and at Treves it was not even thought of taking any meaſures, in conſequence of this intelligence, or to apply for ſpeedy aſſiſtance. The elector informed of the danger of his capital by one of his meſſengers on his return from Luxemberg, requeſted ſuccours of his brother (duke Albert of Saxe Teſchen late governor of the Netherlands) the commander in chief of the army of the German empire, who allowed him the contingent of the elector of Cologne and that of the upper Rhine.—Theſe German troops proceeded but ſlowly, and before they arrived at the place appointed, a deſerter who was an aide-de-camp of the French General, had informed the imperialiſts of the whole plan of the enemy, and told them, with an affected air of compaſſion, that 60,000 Carmagnols would ſoon make their appearance. The deſerter had told the truth, but the ſtatement of the number of the enemy exaggerated. All was now confuſion!

On the 8th the enemy approached in two columns; the firſt between Treves and Luxemburg, in order to ſtop the communication between thoſe two places, and effect a paſſage over Conzerbruck [the bridge of Conz over the river Sarre] the ſecond column advanced againſt the formidable intrenchments near Pellingen, raiſed by the late General Brontano.

The bridge was defended by two cannon loaded with grape ſhot, and a few Imperialiſts, who fought like heroes, and beat off the enemy four times; but the chief attack of the French was directed againſt the redoubts of Pellingen, which were only occupied by an incomplete battalion of Manfredini and 200 Croats. The largeſt redoubt was formerly always provided with 12 guns, and now only with 4 of a ſmall caliber. However, the battalion of Manfredni and the Croats, according to an unanimous report, kept this poſt like rocks, and diſappointed four times the furious horde of the French in carrying the redoubt by ſtorm.

One diviſion (about 400) of huſſars; of Wurmſer attacked with unparalelled bravery, a numerous body of the enemies' cavalry, drawn up in order of battle; nothing could reſiſt the intrepidity of thoſe famous huſſars; they diſperſed this phalanx, they ſupported ſword in hand the infantry, whoſe bodies covered the field of action. One of the Carmagnols having ſuccceded at laſt to mount on the parapet of the redoubt, informed the reſt of the ſmall number of our troops, when it was impoſſible to reſiſt any longer.

Peterſburgh, Oct. 14.—A gentleman arrived in this town in fourteen days from Kentucky, informs us, that a part of the mounted volunteers that lately went from that ſtate under the command of Major Whitley on an expedition againſt the Cherokees an Chicoamaugas, had returned, and reported that they had affected the object of their expedition, having deſtroyed three Indian towns, about two thouſand acres of corn, and took 70 ſcalps and 14 priſoners; with the loſs on the part of the volunteers of only three men wounded.

The ſame gentleman alſo infoems us, that the General Aſſembly of that ſtate are to meet in November next—when it is expected that the law laying a tax upon lands will be re-conſidered and amended.

COURT OF HYMEN.

MARRIED

On Monday evening laſt, by the Rev. Dr. Kunzie, Mr. DAVID MELLES, to Mrs. RIKER, both of this city.

On Wedneſday evening laſt, by the Rev. Dr. Livingſton, Mr. GEORGE FORMAN, Printer, to Miſs JANE BROWER, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Saixas, Mr. SAMUEL MYERS, Merchant of Peterſburg, Virginia, to Miſs SALLY JADAH, daughter of Mr. Samuel Judah, deceaſed.

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May 22, 1794. WILLIAM CARGILL.

MR. MACK,

Miniature Painter;

WHOSE performances have been so much admired, by the lovers and promoters of the Fine Arts, returns his grateful thanks, for the very liberal encouragement he has received since in this city, and begs a continuance of favors, which he hopes to merit, being so fortunate as never to fail taking the most striking likenes of every subject he attempts.

New-York, Maiden Lane, No. 41

PETER VANDERHOEF, Jun.

HATTER,

HAVING commenced Business at No. 13 Old-Slip, acquaints his friends and the Public, that he is now carrying it on in all its respective branches; where they may at all times be supplied with any quntity of HATS of any quality or fashion, on reasonable terms.

N. B. Orders from the country executed with punctuality. New-York, May 24. 15 tf.

JUST OPENED.

By JAMES HARRISON,

No. 38, MAIDEN-LANE.

ELEGANT PRINTS; coloured & uncoloured, by the first masters; which will be sold upon reasonable terms.

New-York, February 1, 1794.

A WOMAN,

WITH a good Breast of Milk, wishes to take a Child in the house to Nurse—She can bring the best of recommendation with respect to her character—Enquire of the Printer.

New-York, August 16. 27. tf.

S. LOYD,

Stay, Mantua-Maker and Milliner.

BEGS leave to inform her friends and the public in general, that she carries on the above business in all its branches, at No. 21, Great Dock-street.—She returns her most grateful acknowlegements to her friends and the public for past favors and hopes to merit a continuence of them.

Those ladies who please to favor her with their commands, may depend on the utmost exertions to give satisfaction, and the lowest terms.

Orders from town or country punctually obeyed.

July 20, 1793. 71--- 1y

GEORGE YOULE,

Plumber and Pewterer,

INFORMS his friends and the Public in general, that he has removed from No. 54 to No. 284, Water-Street, between Peck and New-Slips, where he still continues to carry on his business as usual: viz. making of House leads and Scuppers, head and mid-ship pumps, lining of Cisterns, Gutters, &c. He also makes Pewter distill Worms suitable for Stills from 10 to 3000 gallons—Likewise manufactures Spoons and Candle Moulds of every size—where the Public may be supplyed in any quantity and on as reasonable terms as any of his branch of business in New-York. May 24. 15 tf

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PRINTERS INK.

MANUFACTURED and sold by Jacob Fee, No. 1. Magazine-street, near the Tea-Water-Pump, New-York. t.f.

Beautiful and Valuable Ornaments.

As there is nothing can contribute more to the beauty of the person than a good clean set of teeth, they are worthy the attention of every one. For which purpose

Dr. GREENWOOD, Dentist,

directly opposite the lower corner of St. Pauls Church-Yard, No. 24, Vesey-Street, makes and fixes teeth in the best manner, from a single one to a compleat whole set, and performs every operation for the preservation of the teeth and gums. Artificial teeth are fixed in without drawing the old stumps or giving the least pain, he cleans and restores the teeth to their original whiteness, and the breath to its original sweetness, by gently and carefully removing the tartar which collects more or less on every persons teeth even on infants; the tartar is a corrosive cause of inflamations and scurvy in the gums, breeding thousands of animaculas destructive to the teeth, gums and breath they are to be found in great numbers of different kinds in the whitish matter that sticks between the teeth of men, women and children, it is an evil that ought to be immediately removed, and an object that should be particularly noticed and remedied by all states of people, as it loosens the teeth and in time occasions their droping out whole.

Dr. GREENWOOD's Pearl and specific dentifice powder for cleaning the teeth and preserving the gums and sweetening the breath, sold, by appointment, at Mr. John J. Staples and Son's, opposite the United States Branch Bank, Pearl-Street, and by the operator, 2s 6d per box.

N. B. Advice given gratis in all complaints of the teeth and gums. 34—8

Carpenters and Joiners Tools.

A *General assortment of Tools for Capenters, Joiners, &c. for sale by*

JEREMIAH HALLETT and Co.

No. 171, *Water-Sreet, between Burling-Slip and Fly-Market. Also—*

WHITE CHAPPLE NEEDLES,

Of the best quality, and all other kinds of Needles, being the best assortment of that article offered for sale in this city: And a general assortment of Goods in the Hard Ware line.

NOTICE.

BY order of Benjamin Coe, Esquire, first judge of the Court of Common Pleas for Queens-County, in the state of New York.

Notice is hereby given to John Van Lew, late of Flushing, in the county of Queens, and State of New-York, an absent debtor, and all others whom it may concern, that, on application and due proof made to him, the said Judge, pursuant to the directions of the Law of the State of New-York, entitled "An act for relief against absconding and absent debtors;" passed the 4th day of April, in the year 1786. He hath directed all the Estate, real and personal, within the county of Queens, of the said John Van Lew, an absent debtor, to be seized, and that unless, the said John Van Lew doth discharge his debts within one year after this public notice of such seizure, all his Estate, real and personal, will be sold for the payment and satisfaction of his creditors.

Queens-County March 22, 1794. 1y.

Painting, Gilding and Glazing,

No. 75, *Pearl Street.*

THE Subscriber returns his thanks to his friends and the public for their generous encouragement in the line of his business.

SHIP and HOUSE PAINTING,

done with neatness and dispatch.

Ornamental Painting, & Signs elegantly executed.

JOHN VANDER POOL.